

BLUE
AND
GOLD

1953

THE AMERICAN SCENE 1953



**GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL
BROOKLYN, N. Y.**

**Mrs. Hortense H. Levisohn
Principal**

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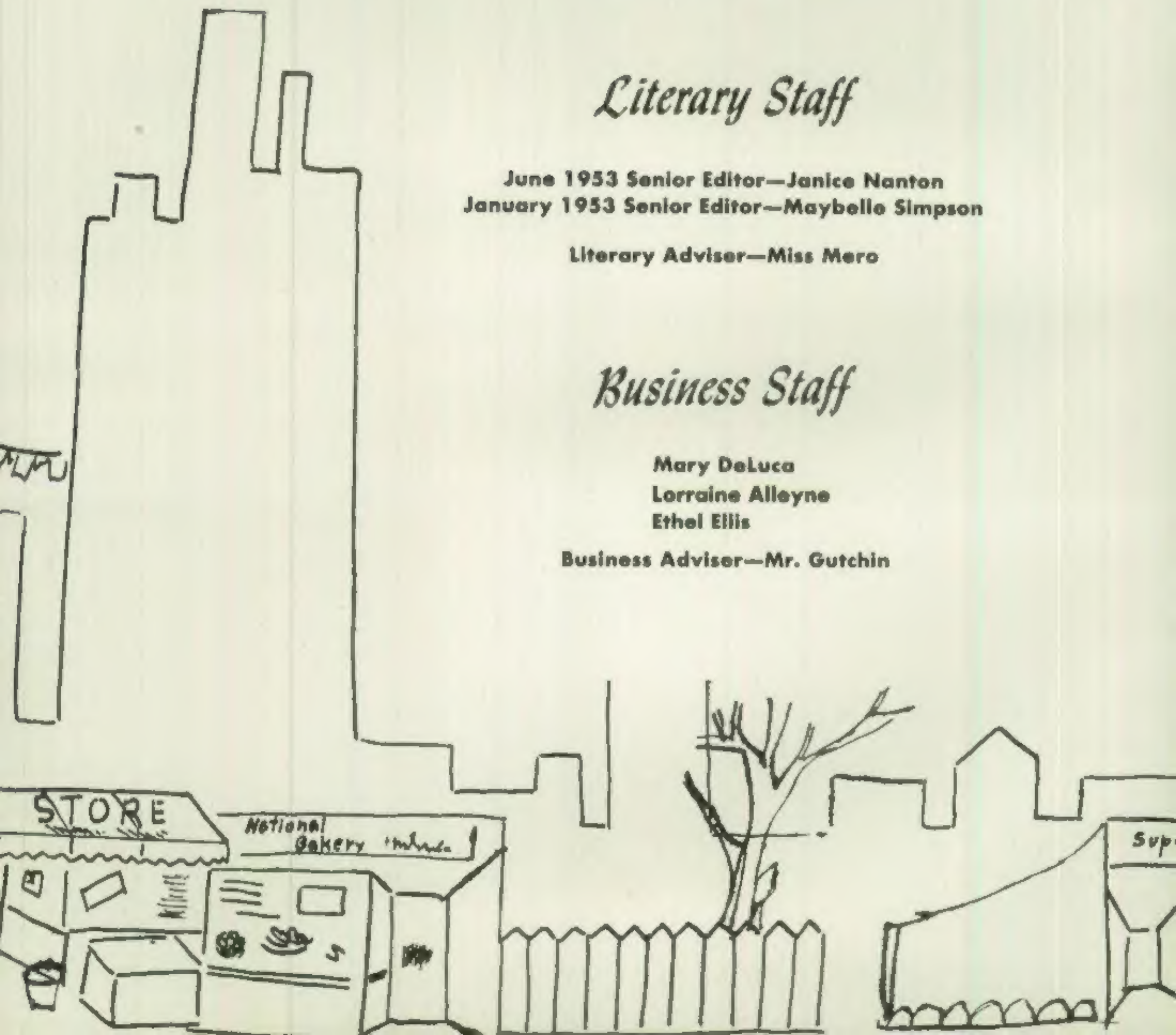
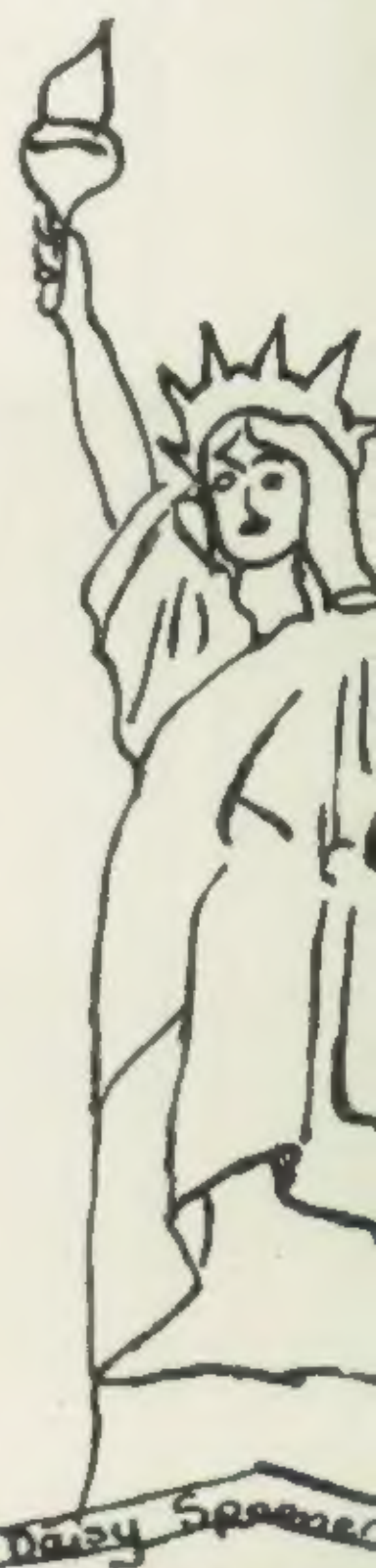


Table of Contents

PRINCIPAL'S LETTER	4
WAYS OF A MARINER	6
TOWARD THESE SHORES	7
SPIRIT OF ABE	8
IMAGINARY MEETING	8
THANK BELL	9
PET TALK	9
LET FREEDOM RING	10
DEMOCRACY OF SPORTS	11
LAND O' LIGHTS	12
OUR SUBWAYS	13
AMERICA'S ORATION	14
MOTHER AMERICA	15
CLASS PHOTOS	16
CLUB PHOTOS	17
CELEBRITY PAGE	18
FOUR SEASONS	20
SENIOR MONTAGE	21
JANUARY CLASS OFFICERS AND TEACHERS	22
JANUARY GRADUATES	24
GRADUATION PRAYER	31
JUNE CLASS OFFICERS AND TEACHERS	32
JUNE GRADUATES	34
AMERICAN BOOKS	49
THROUGH THE MAGIC DOOR	50
OUR ADVERTISERS	51





OUR PRINCIPAL'S LETTER

Dear girls of the classes of 1953,

You leave us during a year which, even in these early days of February when I write this note to you to meet the printer's deadline, gives promise of being a fateful one for us all. Already 1953 has become important as the year of the inauguration of President Eisenhower, as the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of New York City, and as the seventy-fifth anniversary of the birth of Girls High School. Now, during Brotherhood Week, 1953, we join with all the other schools in our city in the new homeroom ritual of pledging allegiance to our flag and singing the fourth stanza of *America*.

Once you have departed from our halls, you will not have such frequent occasions to participate in patriotic recitation and song. We hope, however, that you will not need daily reminders of your duties as citizens of our country and as believers in the divine power guarding us all. We trust that for the rest of your lives you will demonstrate by your actions that you are conscientious citizens of America and ardent followers of the abiding values.

A survey of the American Scene which you have selected as the theme of your yearbook should convince you more and more as the years pass how our country through frequent trials and renewed efforts has struggled to prove that peoples of all creeds, strains, and national origins can, despite their differences, live together in mutual respect, cooperation, and harmony. That ideal has long been realized in the little world of Girls High School, in itself a microcosm of brotherhood, where, as I have so often said, "We do not merely preach brotherhood in our school; we live it."

Carry the ideals of brotherhood, of good citizenship, of ethical conduct with you so that they may serve you as foundation stones upon which to build your lives. Wherever you may go, you may be sure that you will bear with you the trust, the high hopes, and the affectionate regard of all of us in the faculty of Girls High School.

Yours with all good wishes,

Hortense H. Levisohn



WAYS OF A MARINER

Marguerite crocheted the last loops of her blue blouse. Afterwards she walked to the little dressmaker shop in La Rue Caillou and selected the tiny pearls and sequins which she would sew on it. It was to be her first gala with Bill, and she knew this evening was to be something special in her life.

The house was quiet except for the sudden squeals of delight coming from her younger soeur and frère, little Louise and Michel. Soon Marguerite was at the door greeting Bill. He looked taller and even more handsome in his Navy uniform and she felt so very fortunate to have a friend like Bill. "I feel rather different tonight," she said. He smiled—that guileless smile that would flutter many a girl's heart. Monsieur Luchon looked up from his journal at the young sailor with whom he had become well acquainted. He no longer thought it necessary to make "small talk" with Bill. Bill broke the silence suggesting that they take une promenade in the evening air. Bill and Marguerite started walking slowly hand in hand under the poplar trees of the Left Bank of the Seine. "There's something about Paris," Bill said. "It's such a lovely place to take a walk." Here and there a star winked.

Some thousand miles away on a brisk corner of Central Park West a letter was dropped into a mailbox. The letter was to William Tyler, c/o U.S. Navy, Paris, France.

Only the faint echoes of La Vie En Rose could be heard rippling across the water from a sidewalk cafe of the Right Bank where people danced and sipped old rich wines every night. The moon had risen, and glistened across the Seine. Every now and then the moonlight got caught in the facets of Marguerite's little diamond and gave off a brilliant sparkle. About a half hour had passed since Bill had slipped it on her slim finger. They started walking home. "I'm afraid Papa may say we should wait a little longer," Marguerite said. Occasionally an old lady or a tired old fisherman laden with his catch would pass by, staring at Marguerite and Bill. Marguerite and Bill laughed gaily as they continued along the broad quay. Across a low-lying old stone bridge a flower girl was begging the promenaders to buy her flowers. Bill went across and brought back two boutonnieres of violets. He put one in Marguerite's blonde hair and told her that he would give the other to her mother.

The signals sounded in the harbor, and Marguerite felt a wave of fear go through her. She realized that in a few hours she and Bill would be separated by the vastness of an ocean. Maman et Papa seemed unaccountably calm at breakfast, and when Bill called, Madame Luchon coaxed him to partake of a second cup of cafe'au lait and some crisp buttery croissants.

The anchor was raised and Marguerite stood immobile still on the pier. The great U.S. ship was soon lost in the mist. The fog horns blew mournfully.

* * * * *

The winds were strong and blustery and the American sailors on the top deck were busy with the tasks essential to a safe landing. Bill stopped a moment and there was the Statue of Liberty saluting and the Empire State Building among her tall friends, all in proud erectness. The ship was steady and well-anchored now. He looked down among the crowds of people waiting on the pier—mothers, fathers, sisters, and sweethearts—all hurried out of their beds to meet some beloved person—each wearing an anxious expression and seeking with concern.

Suddenly a voice called, "Bill, Bill—over here . . . Welcome home!" So she hadn't forgotten him! How long had it been since her letters had stopped coming? But he never could forget her voice . . . Maria's enchanting black hair was caught in the high harbor breeze, and she kept on calling to him until their eyes met. Bill smiled and waved, and climbed down the side of the ship to greet her.

JANICE NANTON, 7

TOWARD THESE SHORES

As I think back about two or three years ago, in my mind appears a medium-sized former American warship, the Gen. Taylor, rededicated to the good service of bringing European refugees toward these shores. It is the eleventh day of the journey, and a curious thirteen-year-old girl is awaiting the arrival.

She wanted to stay up on deck through the night; for she feared she would miss something very great, if she were not on hand to glimpse the first view of this strange, unknown land. But she was sent down to the cabin by her parents. Now she is lying still, with open eyes and ears, listening to the even rocking of the ship. "What is America like?" The question seems not only to rest on her mind, but to occupy the whole stateroom. She must discover the answer. Quietly she dresses and steals out of the cabin. She runs up the steep narrow iron stairs, opens the door to the deck, and—stops . . . She cannot move; for there it is:

In the grey darkness she sees a huge fortress with silhouetted towers and terraces. The magic illusion is clarified by thousands of lights which become visible as the ship approaches the harbor and the fort or castle of her imagination dissolves into the peaceful skyscrapers of the metropolis, which is New York.

"Well, how do you like our city?" inquires a white-clad ship's cook as he gives me a broad smile. Then, noticing the astonished look on my face, he thinks I do not understand English, smiles once more, and goes below.

ALLA MAIKOWSKY, 8



Spirit of Abe

*He was a tall, lean, lanky guy—
Children would gather as he passed by;
Friends would shout greetings, in their hearts a song;
Such was the feeling when Abe came along*

*Shoulders erect, head up high,
Lips parted in smile, eyes blue as the sky;
A nod of the head, a greeting motion with arm—
With Abe as our leader, there could come no harm*

*What would I do if I lived in his day?
As he passed me by, what would I say?
If I smiled at him, what would he do?
Ah! but of course, he'd smile back too!*

JOANNE NELSON, 5



Imaginary Meeting

*Johnny Appleseed was a nice old chap:
You never saw him without his pot for a cap!
Johnny traveled the U.S. far and wide
With a coonskin bag tucked in at his side.*

*His wagon was junk-heaped, yet neat in a way;
He worked all day without any pay;
One bright sunshiny day in December,
He met a man he couldn't remember:*

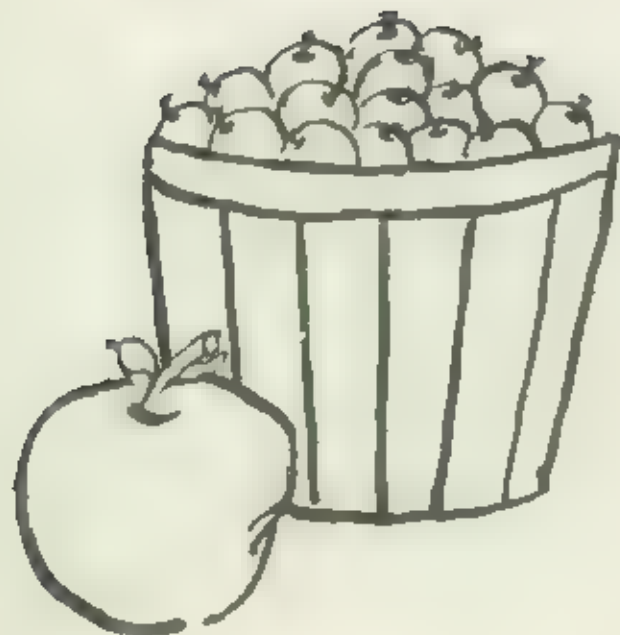
*"John, may I borrow your axe for a while?"
He said it gruffly, yet with a smile;
"My name is Paul Bunyan; I cut down trees—"
Johnny stared at him, then fell to his knees.*

*"What did you say? You cut down trees?
That's as bad as drying the seas!"
"What do you mean?" said Paul with a frown;
"I cut down trees to build up towns."*

*Johnny turned quickly, with his axe walked away;
He mumbled and grumbled about it all day:
"What does he mean? He cuts down trees;
After I plant them all day on my knees,
This giant might just as well tell me to cease.*

*"The trees I plant and love so much,
He comes right after to cut in a rush!
Trees are so lovely; they live without fear;
Their fragrance so sweet makes balmy the air!"*

CURTIS COACHMAN, 5





Kirsti Jaska

THANK BELL

Sue has just rushed in from school. Her books she throws casually on the bed. Where is everybody? she wonders as she heads for the refrigerator. Ah, this ham really looks good! And it tastes better even than it did last night. Oh, a fresh cake! Mom sure is an angel. Now, let me see. . . . Do I have everything? Where's the box of chocolates Bob brought me? Here it is . . .

She heads for that heavenly invention of Mr. Bell. A few circles of the finger, a moment of ringing and her best pal is on the telephone, prepared for their daily rite of communication. The two converse for two hours to catch up on the minutes lost yesterday, when Sue's father insisted she hang up.

Intermission brings another raid on the refrigerator. . . . Why, surely there was a chicken leg! She had probably eaten it first of all. . . . Well, I'll make the best of the left over salad and the sandwich meat . . . But how about some more candy? Some is found in Sis's drawer of the desk. . . . She also discovers Betty's new secret—and how handsome he is. It's a new line of conversation as well, so back to the telephone.

Two and a half hours later Sue is busily saying good-bye because her father is opening the front door. He asks how everything was at school. Everything was fine. He asks what she's been doing all afternoon. She says, "Nothing much. I was thinking what a wonderful invention the telephone is."

"What do you mean?" asks her father.

"Mary Ann and I can't say two words without quarreling when we're together, but over the 'phone we talk for hours without a disagreement."

Father smiles. "Certainly the telephone is a wonderful invention, but the pay envelope is better. With it I can pay those wonderful telephone bills."

BERNICE CARTER, 5

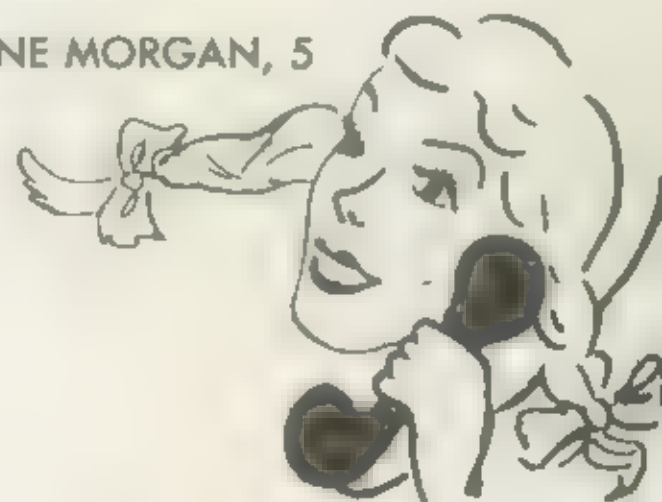
PET TALK

I am ten years old. I have lived with my masters all that time. My name is Boo-Boo. It may sound silly to you, but I like it. My fur is black and grey. I am respected in the household for my ability to catch mice. At night when everything's quiet I'm in the kitchen prowling around. Just the other night I stepped into the cabinet where the pots and pans are kept, and got shut up there until one of the masters heard my mews.

I love to prowl for food too. It's not that I don't get enough to eat, but the scent of fish frying tempts me even to cross the yard. So Friday is Sunday to me. I get all the fish-heads.

The only time my masters annoy me is when they shoo me off the chair or desk or wherever I'm taking a snooze. My only playmate is Shep the dog. I like to tease the old slow-poke. He thinks I'm a spoiled cat. What do you think?

GERALDINE MORGAN, 5





John Cleaver

LET FREEDOM RING

"Oh, how I detest History," was my lament on my way home from school. "To think that I have to study the Constitution! How does the teacher expect me to remember all it says about the election of a president in the constitution? Who cares, anyway? So a new president is elected, so he is!" Then as I stumbled through the door and into the hall I thought, "Oh, well, there's no use complaining."

The warmth of the house was comforting on this cold January day, and I soon became reconciled to doing my homework.

I went into my room and sat on the couch. "I'd just as well make myself comfortable, because I always fall asleep over this boring history."

"Let's see now, page 826, article two, section one. Oh! for goodness sake; I'm so sleepy. (Yawn.) 'The executive power vested in the President of the United States shall hold office, during term of four years together with Vice President, chosen for the same term, be elected as follows.' (Yawn). I'll just take notes, I guess. 'Electors meet in states, vote, person getting greatest number of electoral votes is president. President is commander in chief of army and navy and militia of United States, President can make treaties' zzzzzz."

"I don't know what I'm doing here, but I'm here. Why, hello little girl, what's your name?" The child looked at me as if I were crazy, and shouted at me: "Long live Stephanus!"

"Wow! Where am I?" I yelled back at her. She only looked at me disgustedly and walked away.

"Here comes a woman; maybe she'll act sensible," I said to myself. As she approached I ran in front of her, blocking her path and grinned at her, saying, "How are you, madam; where am I? My name is Adele, and yours? Glad to meet you." She too gazed at my physiognomy as if she expected to be struck dead by it, but she told me her name was Vilja and that I was in Panslavia. Afraid of her walking off and leaving me stranded in this strange place, I babbled on. "What's that button you've got on your coat? Is this your election season? Not so long ago we had elections over in the United States. Boy! was it exciting! I'm a Democrat; what are you?"

"Me?" she said fearfully. "I have applied for membership in the Party—. There's only one party here . . . Please," she pleaded, "don't let anyone know what you've just told me, or you'll be arrested . . ." She looked around like a frightened child, and then whispered, "Quick, come with me; that guard over there will suspect me if he sees us together, and I don't want to go to jail."

She took my hand and started to run . . . I stumbled along clumsily behind, for I was terribly confused. The guard shouted "Halt!" and raced in pursuit . . . I was frightened almost to death—. He was at my heels!

"Oh!" I gasped as he grabbed at the back of my neck.

. . . . At that moment I awoke, to find that I had lost my place. Gazing up at me was the title page of my history book: "Let Freedom Ring!"

ADELE CARRINGTON, 8

DEMOCRACY OF SPORT

Here in America we're very fortunate; we have a sport that's known as baseball. I can root for any team I want, be the team in first or last place.

Though I'm not on the field, as a rooter I have an active part in helping my team win. A crowd of cheering people can give a team all the help in the world, with of course their knowledge of baseball.

To have crowds of people all around me, not separated or segregated, is truly American. To meet and shake hands with the players is truly thrilling.

Then when I leave the ball park, I hear people saying what a great game it was, even if their team lost. I think that that certainly proves baseball is a sporting event.

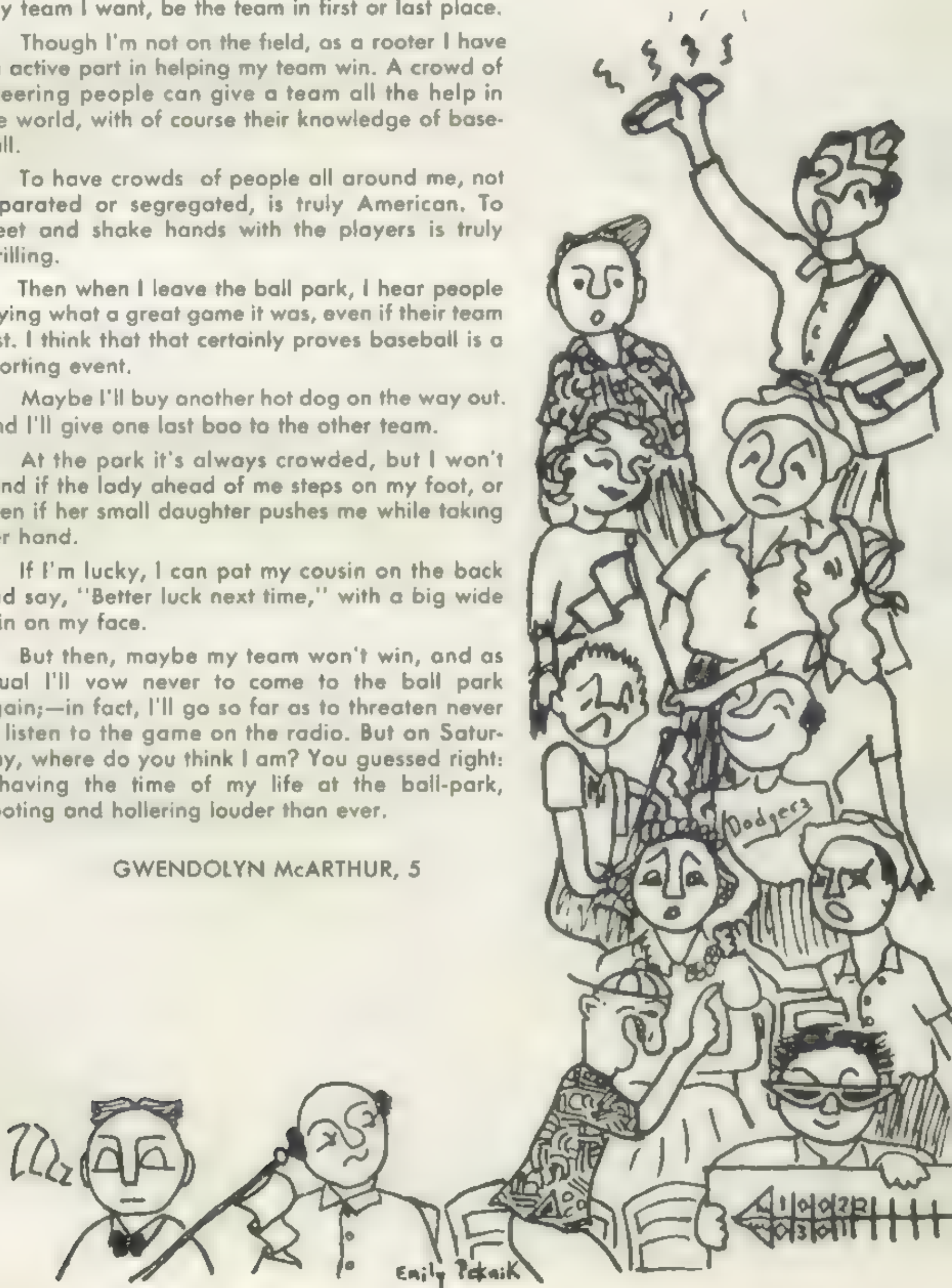
Maybe I'll buy another hot dog on the way out. And I'll give one last boo to the other team.

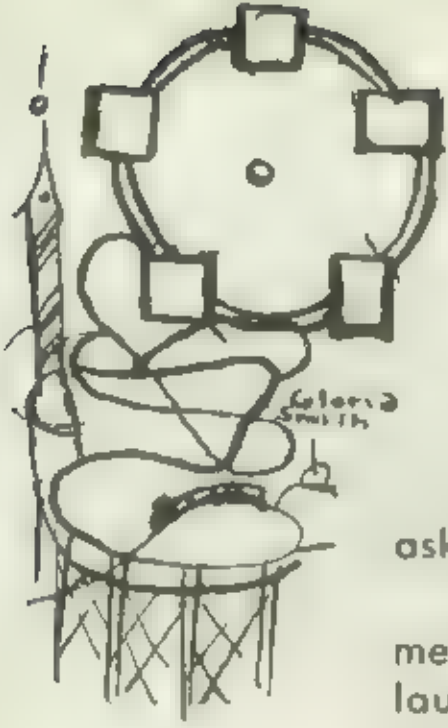
At the park it's always crowded, but I won't mind if the lady ahead of me steps on my foot, or even if her small daughter pushes me while taking her hand.

If I'm lucky, I can pat my cousin on the back and say, "Better luck next time," with a big wide grin on my face.

But then, maybe my team won't win, and as usual I'll vow never to come to the ball park again;—in fact, I'll go so far as to threaten never to listen to the game on the radio. But on Saturday, where do you think I am? You guessed right:—having the time of my life at the ball-park, hooting and hollering louder than ever.

GWENDOLYN McARTHUR, 5





LAND O' LIGHTS

"Where can we go so that each one of us can be entertained?" asked the President of the Club-Around-the-Corner.

They all thought silently for a moment and then one of the younger members exclaimed: "Let's go to Coney Island, where there's excitement, laughter, — even stomach-aches! You'll find everything: roller coasters, freak shows, — besides sea-bathing, of course."

"You've convinced us," replied the President, laughingly. "Let's go!"

So off they went, with a million other Americans of assorted ages, all hoping it wouldn't rain, expecting to get pushed around, and hoping to reach home eventually, safe and sound. First of all, the Club-Around-the-Corner listened to the sound of the water as it crashed against the shore when the waves rolled in. Then they joined the laughing voices of children playing in the golden sand.

Dressed once again for promenading, they strolled up the boardwalk, stopping at the shooting gallery to test their aim, bumping into each other in electric scooters, and trying out their strength with mallet and bell. They enjoyed each barker's spiel before deciding on the shows to see, and rehearsed the fun on the train homeward bound: They had eaten hot-dogs, cotton-candy, watermelon slices, corn-on-the-cob, hamburgers, french fries, pizza and knishes, washed down with root beer, assorted sodas, and soft drinks; yet so far not a single stomach-ache had developed!

NANCY McKNIGHT, 5



OUR SUBWAYS

"Hey! Get off my foot!"

"This man keeps hitting me with his newspaper!"

These cries may be heard on our wonderful New York trains during that typically American rush hour, the most hectic of the day, when almost anything can happen.

One lovely June day, Mary Jane and her father were headed for the subway, Mr. Avery hoping, in vain, to make it before the crowded hour. Mary Jane took the opportunity while Daddy was getting change to wander away, as was her habit. Then as she found herself pushed along by the mass of humanity she looked around frantically. Seeing her father there ahead of her, she felt once more at ease.

Soon the doors closed upon them, and she held on to a door handle at her eye level, between the cars. At the next stop the mob descended upon her again, this time sweeping Mary Jane to the platform. "I don't want to get off!" she shouted; and, as the door closed behind her, she heard Daddy's voice: "Get on the next train, and wait for me at the next station."

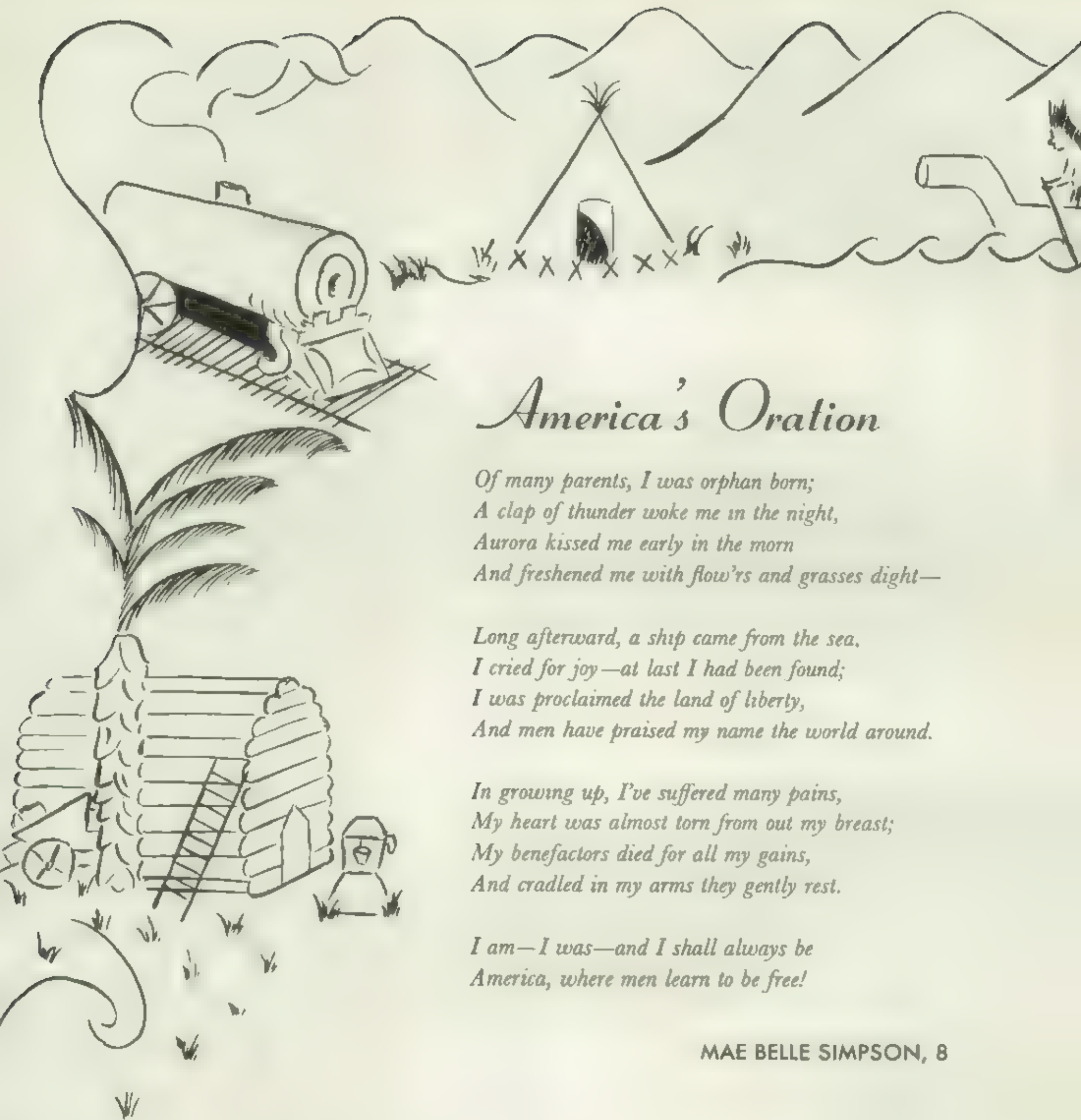
At first Mary Jane was inclined to feel angry with her father for holding on to his newspaper better than her; then she decided she should have listened to Mommy's warning: "Hold on to your father's hand; he's not used to taking a little girl to the office." Now she concentrated on following her father's parting directions. At the next station, she stepped out of the train as though from a moving dungeon.

There was Daddy with open arms, ready to protect his little daughter from another frightening experience on our New York subways.

LYDIA PEDROSA, 5

42





America's Oration

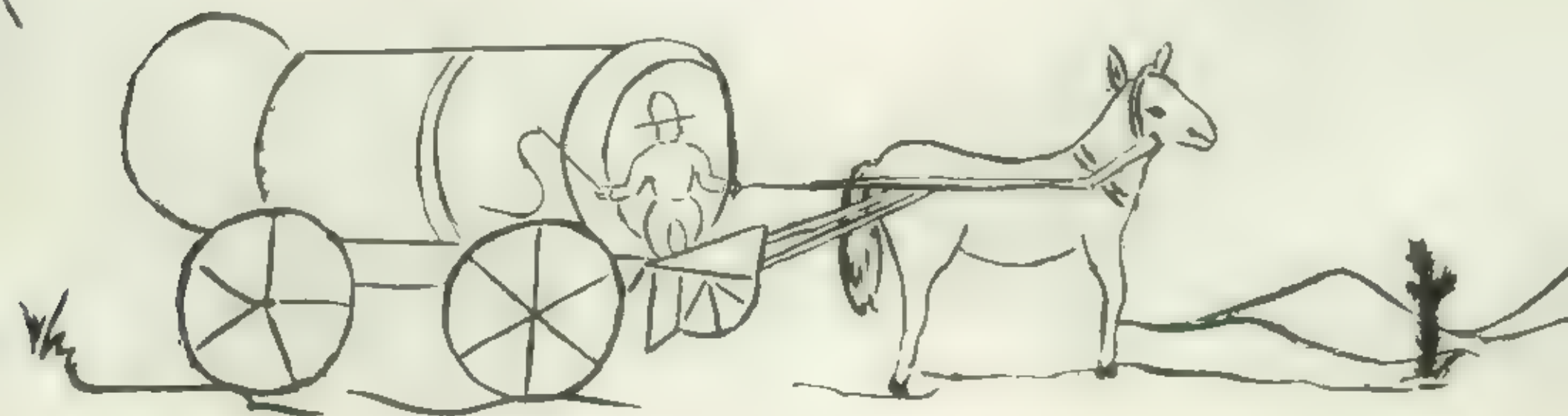
*Of many parents, I was orphan born;
A clap of thunder woke me in the night,
Aurora kissed me early in the morn
And freshened me with flow'rs and grasses dight—*

*Long afterward, a ship came from the sea,
I cried for joy—at last I had been found;
I was proclaimed the land of liberty,
And men have praised my name the world around.*

*In growing up, I've suffered many pains,
My heart was almost torn from out my breast;
My benefactors died for all my gains,
And cradled in my arms they gently rest.*

*I am—I was—and I shall always be
America, where men learn to be free!*

MAE BELLE SIMPSON, 8

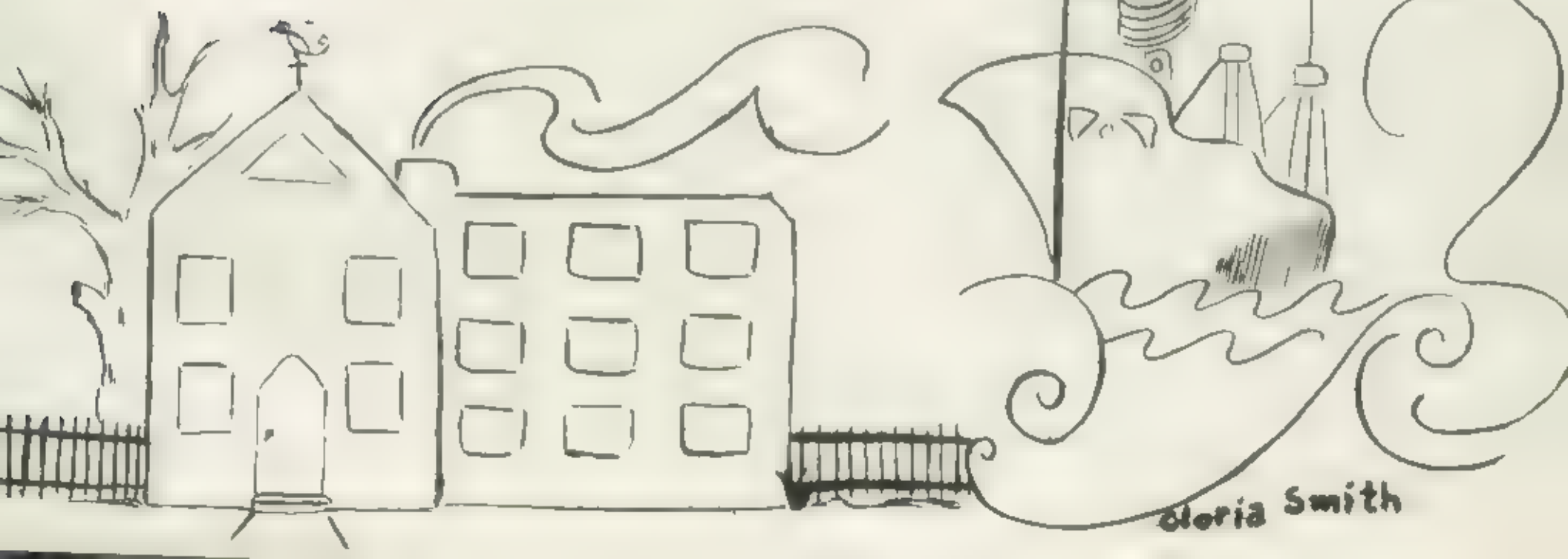




Mother America

*America is the mother of the brave and the free,
 Her tolerance is much more than our eyes can see;
 Her children are of each imaginable race,
 And they keep coming home at a steady pace.
 Mother always treats her children alike:
 She gives every child each human right;
 On her shoulders, family problems bear,
 Never failing to remedy their care.
 America, the mother of the brave and the free,
 Has her protecting arms stretched over the sea,
 To gather her children home to her breast—
 America, the home of the loved and blest!*

BEATRICE PHILLIPS, 8

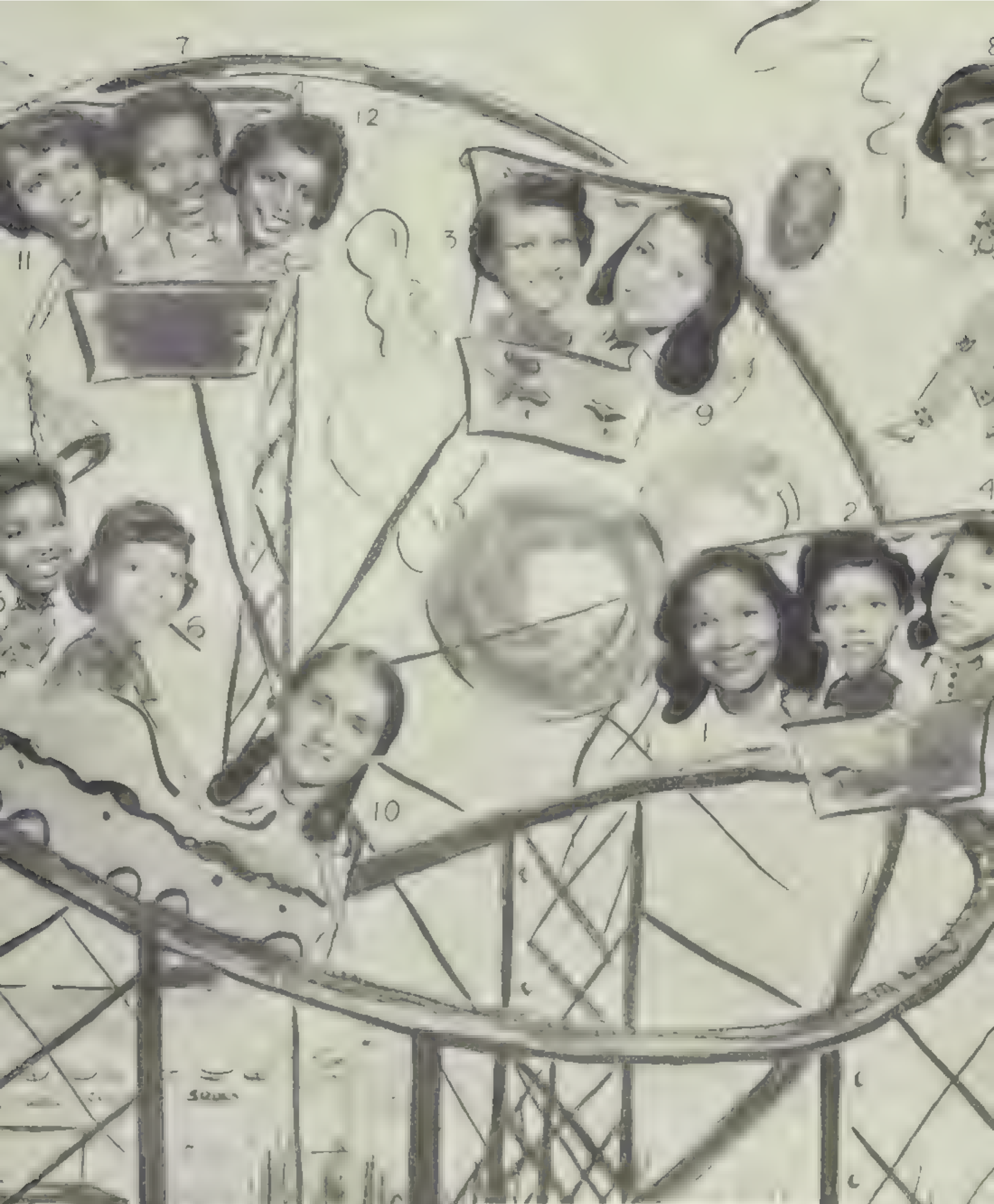


Gloria Smith



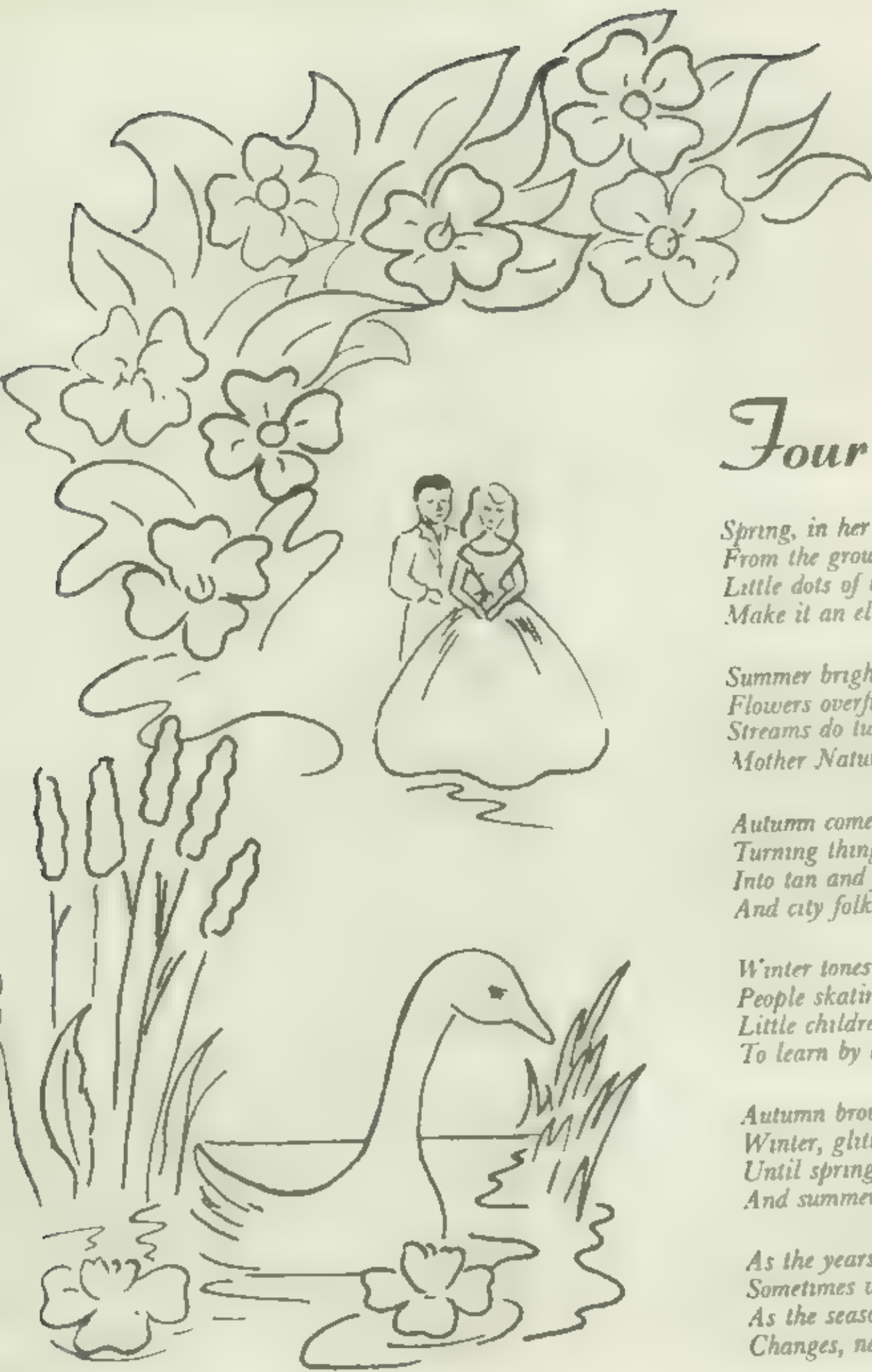






SENIOR CELEBRITIES

January	Title	June
May Belle Simpson	1 Class Actress	Judith Brabham
Celestine Baker	2 Class Artist	Virginia Ivey
Ernestine Baker	3 Class Athlete	Cathlene Smith
Celestine Baker	4 Class Dancer	Eunice Donaldson
Elaine Williams	5 Class Musician	Grace Marcelle
Gloria Williams	6 Class Singer	Gloria Humes
Loretta Young	7 Class Wit	Muriel Johnson
Marina Farmer	8 Best Dressed	Eleanor Sarpa
Virginia Stinson	9 Miss G H S	Esther Farrow
Alla Malkowsky	10 Most Likely to Succeed	Susanne Cannon
Celestine Baker	11 Most Popular	Joyce Harper
Marina Farmer	12 Most Attractive	Mary Gamet



Four Seasons

*Spring, in her colors clear and true,
From the ground is pushing through;
Little dots of brightest green,
Make it an electric scene!*

*Summer bright with blue and red
Flowers overflow their bed;
Streams do tumble happily,
Mother Nature's set them free!*

*Autumn comes upon the scene
Turning things that once were green
Into tan and yellow and brown,
And city folk return to town.*

*Winter tones are white and gray:
People skating on a winter day;
Little children go to school
To learn by heart the Golden Rule*

*Autumn brought the cool school days;
Winter, glittering snow, that stays
Until spring sheds its light,
And summer burns by day and night.*

*As the years go drifting by
Sometimes with a tear or sigh,
As the seasons come and go,
Changes, never ending, flow.*

FELICIA ZAROBINSKA, 5



Kirsti Jaska



SENIORS



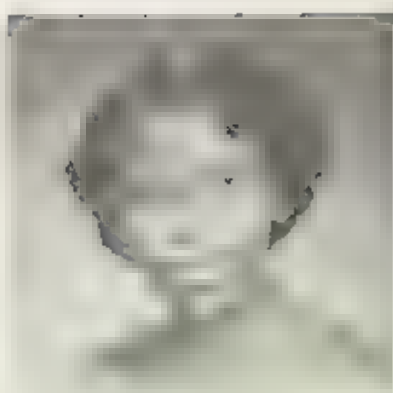
MRS. LEBOW



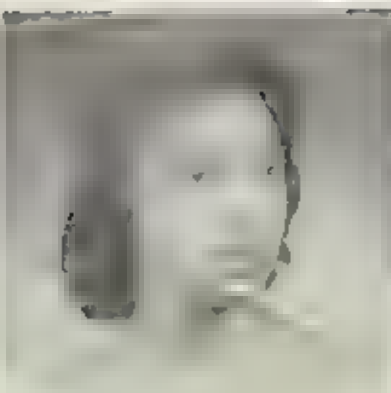
MRS. LIPSKY



CLASS OFFICERS JANUARY 1953



**PELHAM,
NETTIE**
President of
Loyal League



**PHILLIPS,
BEATRICE**
President of
Senior Class



**ROBERTSON,
BARBARA**
Secretary of
Loyal League



**FORSTER,
NETTIE**
Secretary of
Senior Class



**MAYNARD,
HOPE**
Treasurer of
Senior Class



**SIMPSON,
MAYBELLE**
Senior Editor of
Blue & Gold



**WALKER,
JOYCE**
Vice President of
Senior Class
President of
Senior Aristo
Head Girl of Ansto



**ARCHEY,
MARION**
Telephone Co.



**BAKER,
CELESTINE**
Nursing School



**BAKER,
ERNESTINE**
Bellevue Hospital
Nurses Training



**BENNETT,
PEARL**
Business



**BOONE,
ILIA**
Seamstress



**BRITT,
MARY**
Dressmaker



**BROWN,
BLANCHE**



**CARLOS,
DORIS**
Evening College
Secretary



**CARRINGTON,
ADELE**
Brooklyn College



**CLARK,
JOYCE**
College



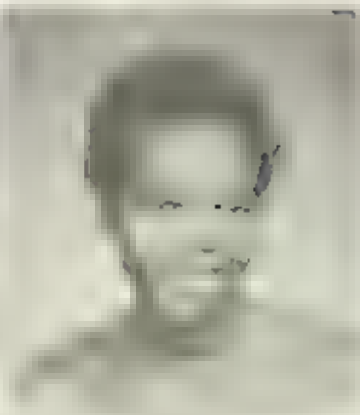
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BARBARA**
Nursing School
Marriage



**CONLEY,
SHARLENE**
Brooklyn College
Teaching



**COOPER,
ELEANOR**
Nurses Training



**COREY,
CATHERINE**
New York School
of Mortuary



**CRAIG,
VIOLA**
New York College
of Music



**CUMSERBATCH,
GRACE**
Hunter College



**CUTLER,
SHELBA**
Brooklyn College



**DAWSON,
JESSIE**
Nursing School



**DOUGLAS,
JUNE**
Brooklyn College
Civil Service



**DUNN,
NORMA**
Business School
Marriage



**D'VACHIO,
ROSE MARIE**
Secretarial Work



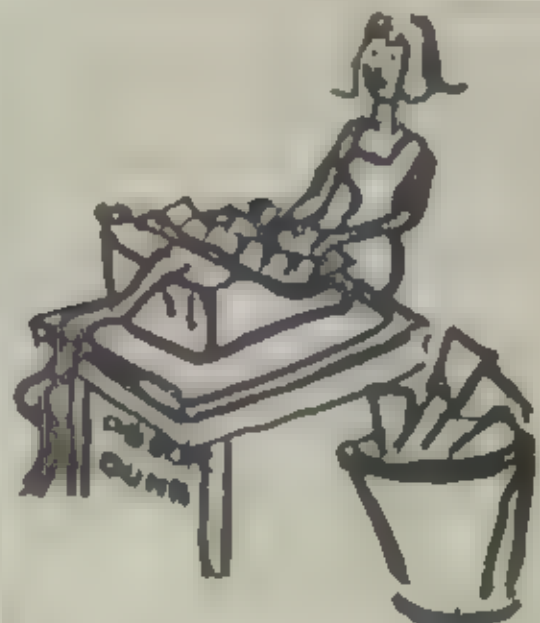
**FARMER,
MARINA**
Business



**FILOSA,
FILOSA**
Business



**FORSTER,
MARJORIE**
Secretarial Work





Clara Smith



FOSTER, MILDRED
Nurses Training School



FROST, BESSIE
Deleahanty Institute



GALLAWAY, ANNIE
Marriage



GOUGH, MYRDENE
Business



HARRISON, ELSIE
Telephone Co.



HASSELL, DOROTHY
Typist and File Clerk
in Telephone Co.



HILL, MARION
Central Needle
Trades H S
Seamstress



HOLDER, MARIE
Nurses Training



HOLMES, CARRIE
Nurses Training



HOPSON, DIANE
Brooklyn College



HOWERTON, LORETTA
Business
U S. Navy



HUDSON, THOMASINA
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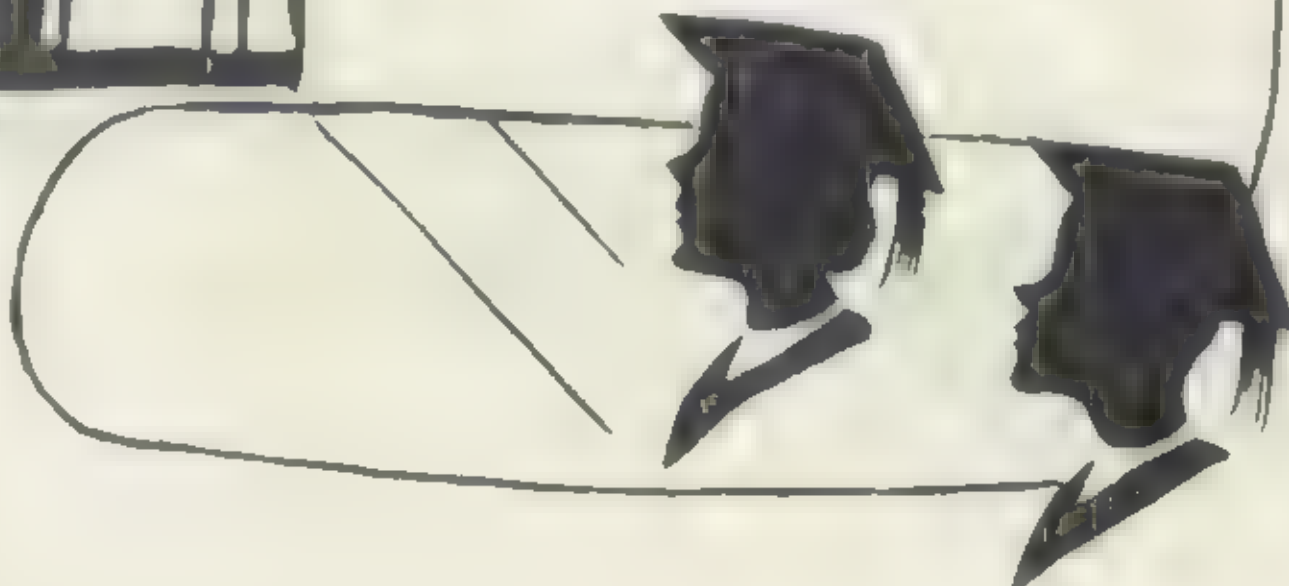


Kirsti Jaska

A GRADUATION PRAYER

*Yesterday we laughed,
Today we marvel;
We feel we've come
To the end of our travel .
But it's not the end of our journeying—
'Tis just that our pathway is turning. . . .
Let us look back on past years:
The joys, the sorrows, the smiles, the tears,
And think: Are we happy to go?
'Tis a long hard road ahead, you know,
And now there's no one,
No teachers to guide us;
We can only pray and ask if
God will walk beside us,
To lead us with an inner light
On a road as dark as night;
To help us make this a better nation
From this our day of graduation.*

MARIA CARLOS, 8





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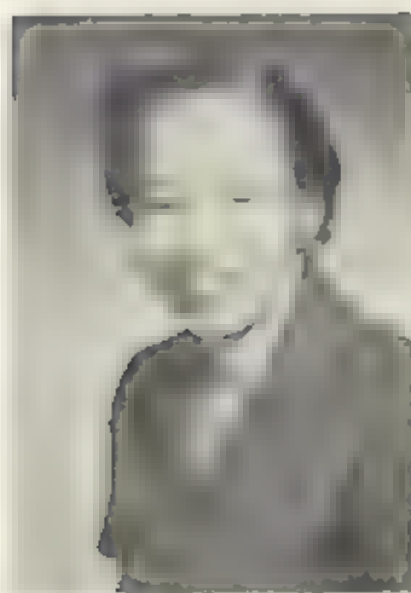
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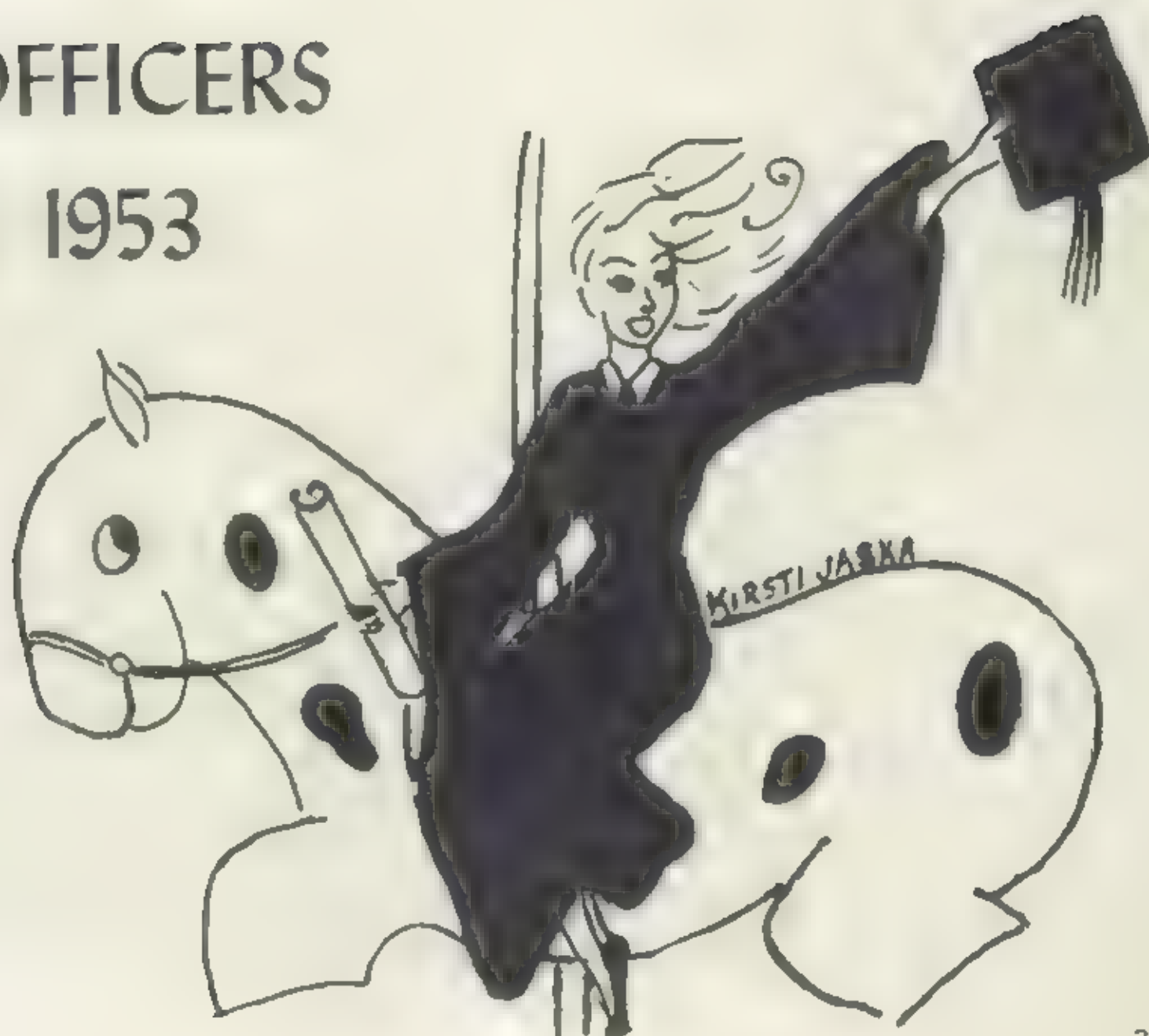


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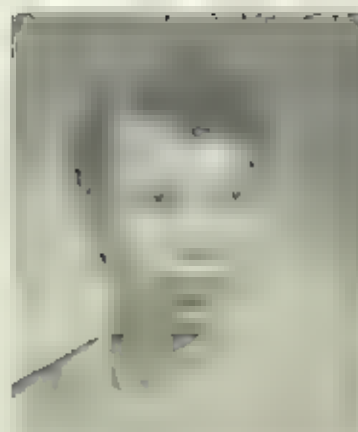
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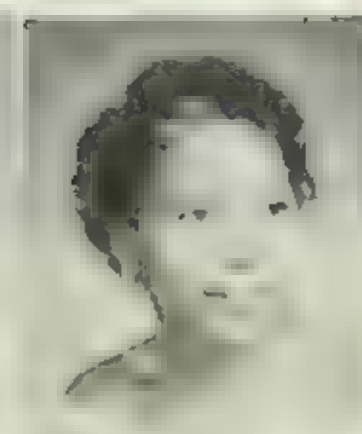
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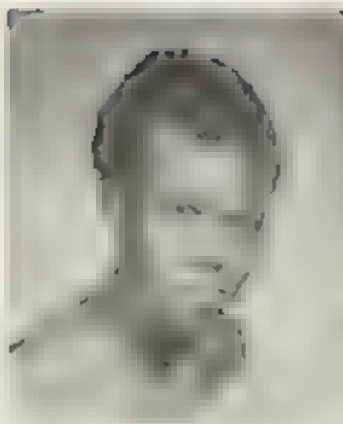
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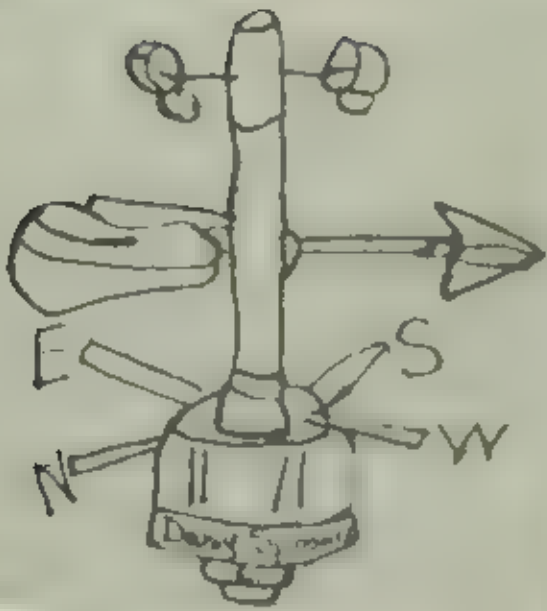


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THROUGH THE MAGIC DOOR

As Tommy sits beside his mother in the car, his little heart is beating faster than a drum at the prospect of shopping at the supermarket. What will he choose for Momma to buy for him this week?

Finally they pull into a suitable parking space. Now the doors are approached. Just watch! The door opens by itself: "Oh! Let's do that again," and Tommy glows as, slowly and silently, the glass servant obeys his small shadow across its photo-electric (brain) cell.

Up, up, the tall shelves inside beckon next. Tommy measures with his eye endless cylinders of canned, boxed, and bottled stuff. The frozen food locker, more restful in its cool and gleaming white, promises special treats. But here comes Momma with one of those silver wagons.

A successful hitch-hiker, Tommy rides around the store as Momma fills the food bin. Then she invites him to make his selection at the toy shelf, high point of the expedition. There are so many toys! Shall it be a red fire-truck, a set of tin soldiers, a cowboy holster—? After hours of pondering, or so it seems to his mother, Tommy pays tribute to Hopalong Cassidy, Momma pays for the purchase at the check-out counter, and a weekly American scene ends.

PAT BROWNE, 5

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